

# THE NUR AF SHAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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LUDHIANA:—September 6th, 1907.

No. 36

## FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, August 29.

Owing to the elevation to the Sultanate of Muley Hafid who is marching to Rabat, General Drude's request for reinforcement by two more battalions has been granted.

A statement issued in Paris emphasizes that there is no question of an expedition to the interior. The Algeciras Act will be strictly interpreted.

Telegrams received in Paris indicate that Muley Hafid is pacific and anxious to make terms with the French.

The proclamation of Muley Hafid has been favourably received at Masagon by both Moors and Europeans.

Quiet is expected under the new regime.

A telegram from Paris states that Kurino has ceremoniously presented the insignia of the Order of the Crysanthemum to President Fallieres who in thanking him said he was convinced that the Franco-Japanese treaty would conduce to the cordial relations of the two countries and the peace of the world.

A telegram from St. Petersburg states that of the prisoners mentioned on the 20th July in connection with the plot against the Tsar and M. Stolypin three have been sentenced to be hanged, nine others to long imprisonment and exile and the rest have been acquitted.

The Perth Council has unanimously adopted the motion of the 28th August.

The merchants have stated a movement of secession from the Commonwealth.

London, August 30.

A telegram from Tangier states that the garrison has been ordered to Fes.

The British Consulate has warned British subjects to proceed to specified places in the suburbs in case the town is attacked.

Europeans from Fes, who have arrived at Larache, report that the Moors in the capital were clamouring for a holy war when they left.

Replying to the British demands for a warship to be sent to Tangier the Foreign Office states that the French are sending another warship.

The papers publish accounts of desperate fighting at Casa Blanca.

The Moors attacked on the 28th instant and feigned a retreat and drew the French into an ambush.

The French finding themselves in a dangerous position, formed a square and kept off the Moors with the greatest difficulty until the arrival of the artillery.

The French had four Algerians killed and 22 wounded.

The newspapers approve Mr. Morley's selection of the Indians, Mr. Gupta and Mr. Bilgrami for the Council of India.

The *Times* says that the character and the career of both qualify them exceptionally for the position.

A telegram from Perth states that the Parliament has adopted

a remonstrance to the Federal Parliament protesting against the injuries which the Federal tariff inflicts on Western Australia.

A special commission from the Republic of Colombia is at present in Britain.

The commission will study, *inter alia*, cotton growing in the British Empire with a view to developing cotton growing in Colombia and will visit Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and Japan.

A telegram from Quebec states that fifty workmen have been killed by the collapse of a section 1,800 feet long of the centre span of the railway bridge in course of construction.

The collapse was due to the contraction train working upon the bridge.

Prince George of Greece is betrothed to Marie Bonaparte.

London, August 31.

The Anglo-Russian agreement was signed at St. Petersburg to-day.

Ratifications will be exchanged shortly when the terms will be published.

London, September 1.

Reuter, telegraphing from Teheran, states that Atabeg Azam, the Premier, was shot dead yesterday evening as he was leaving Parliament.

London, August 31.

The *Times* Cairo correspondent has made a journey by the Hedjaz railway and reports that it is progressing rapidly and will reach Medina within a year.

Sixty-one deaths have now occurred from the bridge collapse at Quebec.

A telegram from Mossanidis states that the Portuguese have defeated 7,000 rebel natives near Rocadas, inflicting heavy loss.

The Portuguese had ten whites killed and two lieutenants and 29 men wounded.

London, September 2.

The *Standard's* correspondent at St. Petersburg telegraphs that the former spheres of activity in Persia are abolished; Russia making concessions by which Northern Persia will be opened to British commercial enterprise; while Britain makes similar concessions in Southern Persia.

The correspondent of the *Daily Mail* at Teheran wires that five shots were fired at the Premier who died on the spot.

A soldier and a Cossack were also killed and a Deputy wounded.

One of the assailants committed suicide. Another was arrested and the rest escaped.

The British and Russian Ministers sent the Shah their condolences.

Lawlessness is increasing in the country districts of Persia.

Twenty passengers have been injured in a railway collision at Bo'ness in Scotland.

A telegram from Peking states that on the arrival of Yuan-shih-kai the Empress assembled her most influential advisers to discuss the condition of the Empire.

The Government fearing that the Chinese would overthrow the Manchus' throne has prepared measures for removing racial distinctions.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we write September upon our paper, we are again reminded of what we have by no means forgotten, that this is the month of the two great conferences in North India, the one in Mussoorie and the one in Sialkot. Preparation for both of them is spelled by the word *prayer*. We do not mean any mechanical setting apart of days and hours for the work of supplication; but the opening of the heart to the work of God's Spirit which will result in all days and all hours being increasingly filled with the upward surging of desire, the heavenward sweep of the soul in its longing for heavenly conditions.

Different as these two conferences are in their method, their purpose is one and the same "the knowledge of God." How are we to get it ourselves, how convey it to others? Again and again do we find the Lord speaking through the mouth of Ezekiel and saying "Then shall they know that I am Jehovah," and every act of judgement or of mercy is said to have this purpose "that they may know," "that they may be convinced."

We are very glad to learn that greater emphasis even than before is to be laid on Bible study at Sialkot. There is nothing that so inspires man to pray as familiarity with the contents of God's Word. It is easy to be seen how this works. When we have God's promises before us in all their original vividness of expression, we have the very words for our supplications put into our mouths. When we see how men have in time past relied on those promises we are inspired to a like reliance; but most of all, when we see how those promises have been fulfilled, how there is an unbroken chain from first to last, that in fact there is no last, for we are living in the time's prophesied of old, then we are indeed bound to pray. Who could remain silent in the presence of such glorious realities?

And so, if at any gathering God's Word is studied as it should be, there can be no doubt that at the same place there will be the deepest searching of heart, and the most exalted moods of supplication.

These are times also when prayer is most earnestly needed for our national affairs. There is a lull in excitement. People say "Nothing of interest is taking place," and yet in point of fact, very quietly but very swiftly, issues are being shaped that may mean world wide peace, or may mean world wide distress and disorder. It is not without meaning that God's Word lays upon us the injunction to pray for those who see in authority. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

## 'THE FIRST TRUE GENTLEMAN.'

'The Spectator,' London.)

The Elizabethan poet Dekker said of our Lord that He was 'the first true gentleman that ever breathed.' The passage is worth quotation:—

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace,  
Of all the virtues nearest kin to Heaven.  
It makes men look like Gods; the best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

All through English literature the word 'gentleman' has had two meanings and has been used to describe a man of certain qualities as well as a man of a certain birth. A hundred and fifty years before Dekker wrote it was declared that 'truth, pity, freedom, and hardiness' were the essential qualities of a gentleman. Our Lord, in His human nature personified these things. Every gentleman in Christendom derives his ideal from Christ, whatever may be his dogmatic creed. No virtue, perhaps, was so characteristic of our Lord as His devotion to truth. He declared before Pilate that it was the end for which He was born. He condemned all those who hindered its diffusion and tried to make it the monopoly of a caste. He tabooed all absurd asseverations, the occasional use of which was but a confession of habitual lying. He taught that lies were of the Devil, and that it was the Holy Spirit who led men into all truth. He said that sincerity was the great light of the Spirit, that all double-minded men were in the dark, and that their fear of the light of day was their own sufficient condemnation. The ideal gentleman all through the ages has conformed his conduct in the matter of truth to the Christian standard. He has avoided mental reservation, abhorred lying, and, though he has garnished his speech with oaths, his yea has meant yea, and his nay nay, and he has regarded his word as his bond.

Again, courage and pity were combined in that character of Christs as they had never been combined before. Now the combination is common enough. We have the seed and can grow the flower; but every man who excels in both is in some sense a follower of Christ. The courage of our Lord, though it included physical courage, was not of that calibre which is more properly called animal,—animal courage implies a want of imagination, and probably incompatible with pity. Christ in the garden of Gethsemane 'tasted death for every man,' and held out a hand of sympathy to that vast majority who must for ever regard it with strong dread. Yet by His precepts, by His life, and by His death He taught men that fear can be mastered, though it is a form of suffering seldom altogether spared to the highest type of man. Apart from their religious significance, the trial and crucifixion of Christ form the

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scene in the world's history of which humanity has most reason to be proud. Christ, in His human nature was a Galilean peasant. He accused to his face the Roman Governor who stooped to threaten a prisoner in Whom he found no fault. Judge and prisoner changed places. The distinctions of the world dissolved before the distinctions of God. At Pilate's bar all gentlemen recognize their hero, an example for ever of the powerlessness of circumstances to humiliate.

On the Cross not only did our Lord maintain that composure which witness to the supreme power of the soul, but with still balanced judgment He refused to impute sin to the Roman conscripts whose orders were to crucify. He made a last effort to console the grief of His mother and His friend, and set Himself to give hope and encouragement to the suffering thief who believed he was receiving the due reward of his deeds. A genius however great, a gentleman however perfect, could imagine no story of courage more noble or more inspiring than the one set down in the Gospels.

A new pity came into the world with Christ. The lump is not yet leavened; even the white race is not yet pitiful. All the same, the emotion of pity is a power, and does, broadly speaking, distinguish Christendom from the heathen world. It is part of the ideal of all those who are conscious of having an ideal at all. Gusts of anger, both national and individual, sweep it out of sight; it is paralyzed by fear, rendered blind by use and wont; again and again its scope is narrowed by the reaction which follows upon affectations and exaggerations; but it is never killed. It has been part of the moral equipment of a gentleman since Christ 'went about doing good,' revealing to men the secret Nature could not teach them—breaking, as it seemed to them, the uniformity of her relentlessness—the secret of the divine compassion.

The independence of mind and manner inculcated by our Lord still marks a gentleman to-day. Did He not teach that a man's conduct must at all times be ruled by his code and not regulated by his company? He must maintain the same attitude towards life whether he find himself among just or unjust, friends or enemies. He must not salute his brethren only, nor be only kind to those that love him. He must remain an honest man among thieves, ready to rebuke an offender to his face, but still a gentleman, who does not 'revile again' or suffer the passion of revenge to destroy his judgment. This moral independence is the rock on which character is built. The man whose actions depend upon his environment has but a sandy foundation to his moral nature. Upon this strong rock of moral independence rest also the best manners. Self-assertion and self-distrust are singularly allied. It is the ill-assured who push in their ardent desire to be like somebody else. It is dignity rather than humility which is recommended to

us in the parable of those who chose the chief seats at feasts. It is a common thing to hear it said by simple people in praise of some one they regard as pre-eminently a gentleman that 'he is always the same.' No doubt the publicans and sinners whose friendly advances Christ accepted without apparent condescension said this of Him. He was so entirely Himself among them that the vulgar-minded Pharisees whispered to one another that He must be ignorant of the sort of company He was in, or surely He would make plain the gulf fixed between Himself and them. By conventionality our Lord seems never to have been bound. On the other hand, He did not wantonly overthrow the conventions of His day. When a social custom struck Him as injurious, He told those who gave in to it that it stood in the way of better things, substituting custom for conscience. On the other hand, He fell in with the usual ways of respectable people in a great many particulars, praying in a village place of worship beside Pharisees who stood up to bless themselves and publicans who dared not so much as lift their eyes to heaven, taking part in a service which was far enough removed from the sincere, spiritual, and wholly unsuperstitious worship to which He looked forward as He talked beside the well.

Christ had a horror of tyranny in every form, and He seems to have regarded it as a peculiarly heathen vice. 'The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them,' He said. Some bold translators emphasize His meaning by saying 'lord it' over them. Dekker was right. A true gentleman is not harsh, implacable, or capricious. The breaking of other men's wills gives him no pleasure. Christ's followers, He said, must avoid all selfish wish for ascendancy. A ruler, He said, should regard himself as the servant of all. Where ruling is concerned the counsels of Christ seem, like all His most characteristic utterances, to be calculated rather to inspire aspiration in the minds of good men than definitely to regulate their action, for in more than one of the parables. His words imply that an ambition to rule is a lawful ambition, and that increased responsibility may be looked to as a reward. Theoretically the Christian attitude towards power has always been the gentlemanlike attitude. Hall, the chronicler, writing in 1548, says in the 'Chronicles of Henry VI'; 'In this matter Lord Clyfford was accounted a tyrant, and no gentleman.'

It is commonly said to-day that Christianity has never been tried. Such a judgement is superficial in the extreme. This moral teaching of Christ has never been entirely carried out by any community—nor perhaps by any man—but to speak as though it had had no great influence is cheer affectation. The white peoples have wasted, it is true, their time and their blood in quarrelling about dogma; but every Christian sect has recognized in the divine character of the Nazarene Carpenter who suffered upon the Cross the perfectibility of the human race, and in their highest moments of aspiration and repentance peoples and rulers alike have





pleaded His merits before God. Nothing but this recognition could have curbed the cruel pride of the ancient world, have undermined the barriers of race and caste with a sense of human brotherhood, have cast at least a suspicion upon the theory that might is right, and made respect for women a necessary part of every good man's creed. Entirely apart from what is usually called religion in England to-day, 'truth, pity, freedom, and hardiness' are the ideals of the race because nineteen hundred years ago Christ was born in the stable of a Jewish inn.

### A PAIR OF DIRTY FEET.

My Dear Young Friends,—We have been building a church at Hsiat Hei Shan. But what I wanted to tell you of was 'a pair of dirty feet, so dirty that I don't think I shall ever forget them, since I was nearly making a big mistake about them.

But to begin at the beginning, after the church was built—the old buildings round it, the street chapel, the schools, the preachers' quarters, the room for inquirers, were all very tumble-down, and the Christians then commenced to fix all the old houses up. Then there was also a new school to build, and there was almost no money, so they decided to consider ways and means. Some said, 'we will cart the stones.' Then others said, 'We will cart the bricks.' Others, 'We will help with work.' One said, 'I'll watch every night until it is finished.' Another, 'I'll cook the workmen's food.' Others, 'We'll subscribe a bushel of corn each.' Another, 'I'll give cabbages.' Which was very good, but still there was much to be done that they could not overtake, so people were asked to come and make mud bricks for the insides of walls, and some promised, but not enough, for we wanted over ten thousand bricks.

These bricks are made by carting clay and putting it in a hollow place, then water is poured on (if not already there), straw is chopped up and mixed in, then it is all mixed up and well tramped—to knead it into a proper paste, then it is put into moulds, the size of bricks, and shaped, then it is put out in the sun to dry, and if no rain falls, in a few days the mud bricks thus sun-dried are ready. They are excellent and warm for inside of walls—but of course would not do for outside, and they just cost the straw and the labor.

Now people from other churches near Hsiao Hei Shan came to help to make these, and some of them brought a little straw with them. It was very nice to see them all at work, and it was jollier still to see them all at food, and I enjoyed very much preaching to them,

and catechising them in the summer evenings.

But there was one evening, one lad—well, now, he did not seem to care—when he sang he was sometimes quite half a line behind others, and when I was preaching, why, he just fell asleep, and (I need not say) did not listen; and oh! but he was dirty! His hands were the only fairly clean things; but his feet made up for these—they were just dreadfully dirty.

The other boys looked so nice, their queues beautifully plaited hanging down to their shoes, and a nice silk tassel dangling at the end—his was unkempt and untidy. They had nicely embroidered shoes, and lovely white stockings—charmingly spotless—while he sat among them with a pair of very dirty feet. I was annoyed, wondered who he was, where he belonged, and I made up my mind to speak to him when the class was over, which I did.

'Well, my lad, what is your honorable surname?' 'Chang,' said the boy, which was rude; for any school boy would have known to say, 'My mean name is Chang.' But he just said 'Chang,' which showed he had no manners. Then I said, 'Chang—what?' to ask his other name, or, as you would say, Christian name.

So he replied, 'Chang lump of stone.'

Now is that not a funny name, and a very unchristian name, for it means that when he was born his parents gave him that name to deceive their idols, for they thought, if the spirits hear us calling our child by a boy's name they may take a fancy to him and take him away, or make him die, whereas if they hear us call a 'lump of stone' they'll never suspect there is a boy about, and perhaps they'll never know he is here; then when he grows big we can give him a name.

I next asked, 'Where is your home?'

'At the Yellow Mountain,' said the lad.

'When did you come here?' 'To day.'

Now the Yellow Mountain is more than fifteen miles away, so I did not wonder he had been sleepy.

'Well, you must be tired—go to sleep quickly; I should not care to walk fifteen miles this hot weather,' said I; and he looked so young to walk so far in one day. I daresay he was more, but he looked about twelve years' old.

Just then a 'committee man' said, 'But, pastor, he was here before breakfast (about nine o'clock), and he has been making mud brick all day.'

'Well, you may be sure I was glad—I had said nothing about his dirty feet—his dear, weary, dirty, little feet.

First trudging fifteen miles bravely in company with other helpers, and then, making mud brick all day—no wonder the wee laddie was sleepy.

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Now, whose feet were nicest? The lads' for whom the school was being built, or the lad who was helping to build the school?

Shortly afterwards I learned that his mother (for his father had died long ago) had, after many tears and struggles, taken down the idols from her home, and declared her intention to be a follower of Jesus.

I am telling you this because I am going to 'The Yellow Mountain' to-morrow, and I hope to see 'Chang Lump of Stone' again, and perhaps this time a new name may be given him—a name which, I trust, will be recorded in the 'Lamb's Book of Life.'

With all affectionate greetings,

YOUR OLD UNCLE HU.

P.S.—Two days later. To-day I saw him again, he was there, confessed His faith in Christ for himself, he was baptized and his new name is Chang Yu Chung, which means Chang the loyal one. It is a hope expressed. May it be true. I did not see his feet this time. It is winter. Rivers are frozen, and he wears shoes, but I am sorry to say his mother has died in the meantime, and only an uncle and grandmother are left—they, however, are Christians.—'Daybreak.'

#### A TILLER OF THE SOIL.

(Christian Burke, in the 'Pall Mall Magazine'.)

This is the place where Thou did'st bid me stand,  
And work and wait;  
I thought it was a plot of fertile land  
To tend and cultivate:  
Flower and fruit, I said, are surely there  
In rich earth stored,  
And I will make of it a garden fair  
For Thee, my Lord!

Lo! it is set where only bleak skies frown,  
With rank weeds sown,  
And over it the vagrant thistle-down  
Like dust is blown:  
Long have I labored, but the barren soil  
No crop will yield:  
This have I won for all my ceaseless toil—  
A bare, ploughed field!

'Nay, even here, where thou did'st strive and weep,  
Some sunny morn  
Others shall come with joyous hearts and reap  
the full-ear'd corn:  
Yet is their harvest to thy labour due,  
On Me 'twas spent—  
Are not the furrows driven straight and true  
Be thou content!

Hold the mind prayerfully in conference with God.  
We are certain of success; go, nothing doubting.

Till, as refined gold in thee shall shine  
His image, no more dim;  
Then shall the endless "afterwards" be thine,  
Of rest with Him.

#### THE MEASURE OF INDIA.

Says a writer in a contemporary:—Sir William Hunter never succeeded in explaining to the British public how big a place our India is. They would not listen. The British public has not the American appetite for facts. If really solid facts are placed in its reach it is apt to mistake them for fiction, or facetiousness, or, worse still to treat them as physis. It is only an American citizen who is really impressed by the statement that Bengal alone has a population as great as that of the United States: that even the little Punjab has as many people as the nine States of the North Atlantic Division, and its ten Commissionerships are as populous as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; that the United Provinces hold more human souls than the United Kingdom; that Mr. Fuller ruled more subjects than the King of Belgium; that even tiny Coorg is as crowded as Luxemburg; that Lord Curzon, in short, governed not a country but a continent; that, if, in his relations to Mr. Brodrick, the Emperor, and the Metropolis, he was only a Viceroy—in his dealings with the people who now call themselves Indians (and the bulk of them have only lately assumed a name grossly misapplied on the American continent) he was in fact the President of the United States of India. India, in short, is very big, and the Anglo-Indian, unless he has a viceregal robustness of apprehension, very soon makes up his mind to the conclusion that if he knows a single province nearly as well as he knows his native country, he need not regard himself as an abnormally ignorant person.

#### GAVE OF A KINGDOM.

In a public address delivered in England last April, Sir Charles Elliot, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, thus illustrates native Christian character in India: 'The heir to the chieftain was a quiet man, making no great profession and no particular show, but he and his wife were both converted. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but as I got to know him more and more I saw how honest and true a man he was. The chieftain died, and in the ordinary course he would have been his successor. The people came to him and said: "We like you very much, but if you are to be our chief it is absolutely essential that you must sacrifice to the gods of the valleys, the forests, the mountains, the rain





god, the cholera god, and the various other demons who have power to hurt us, and if not, we must choose another mae." His reply at once was, "I cannot do as you propose." He contrived to live in a quiet position keeping his little shop and cultivating his field, and he never blazoned his deed abroad, and yet he was perhaps the only man living in the world who had given up a kingdom for Christ.

—'Faithful Witness.'

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, 'How to glorify Christ by our lives.' One of the girl said, 'It seems to me like this. One spring, my mother got some flower-seeds, ugly black things, and planted them they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbor coming in and seeing these flowers said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some too. Won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbor had only just seen the flower-seeds she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.'

And so with Christianity; when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not so interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful are these lives! What maketh them different from other lives?' When they hear that it is Jesus' teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too!'

And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends.

—'Sunday Reading.'

A copy of Professor Salvatori's Italian translation of "Ben-Hur" has been presented to the Pope, who is said to have "graciously accepted it." In an official letter to the translator, Cardinal Rampolla declares that "only too rarely do romances come to the Holy Father's hands in which that which delights serves solely as a means to attract the reader to the possession of what is useful."

If your can is small, fill it to the brim. Make most of your opportunities, of honest work and pure pleasure.

We sometimes wonder why dogs fight over a bone when there is nothing on it. But then we have also noticed this canine instinct in men.

Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Trials bring us to His feet,  
Lay us low, and keep us there.

B.

### THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM.

'Mother, I don't see why you have me learn a Psalm every month,' said Eva Preston; none of the other girls do, and you can always read them.'

Her mother was silent for a few minutes, and then she said gently: 'You don't see the use of learning them now, dear, but you will when you are a little older.'

The next day was Sabbath. A stranger talked to the Sabbath school. He said: 'I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them—Dave Herbert—was run over by a horse and waggon. He was carried to a drug store near by, to wait for the ambulance to carry him to the hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he suffered terribly. All at once he said, "If I could hear about the shepherd. I could bear it better." I knew what he meant, for I had told them about King David's beautiful Psalm at the mission school. I said it now over and over, and I wish you could have seen the looks in his face as he listened. That little rough newsboy said after me, "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Before the ambulance came, David had gone to the Lord's house above. I tell you this, dear children, because few of us learn the Scriptures by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder, now, if any child here can repeat the twenty-third Psalm for me?'

There was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up and repeated it very clearly and correctly.

As she finished, the children—and even her teacher—forgetting the place softly clapped their hands.

The minister lifted his hand to check it. Thank you, dear,' he said to Eva; 'you have a gift no one can take from you.—The King's Own.'

A lonely rock by the wayside,  
All jagged and seamed and rent,  
Yet over its brow the daisies  
Their pure, bright faces bent;  
Gay columbines danced on slender stems,  
And fairy trumpets blew;  
From every crevice tufts of fern  
And feathery grasses grew,  
Till gone were the outlines sharp and bare  
That might offend the eye,  
And the wayside rock was a charming sight  
To every passer-by.  
Dear heart, alone and lonely,  
Though shattered life's hopes may be,  
The Lord who cares for the wayside rock  
Much more will care for thee.  
Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,  
Like flowers may spring and twine,  
Till joy shall come into other's lives  
From the very rents in thine.



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